

THE
GENTLEMAN.

AN
HEROIC POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

*Non ego centena Si quis mea pectora Laxet,
Voce deus, tot Luinul busta, Vulgique ducumque,
Tot pariter Gemitus, dignis conatibus æquem.*

Stat. Thebaid. Lib. 12.



DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year, M.DCC.XLVII.

THE

GENETIC

MAN

HEROIC P O E M

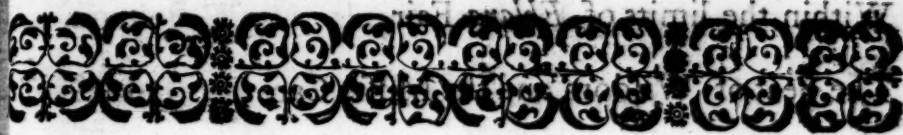
IN TWO CANTOS

By the Author of "The Heroic Poem," &c.
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THE GENTLEMAN

AN HEROIC POEM.

FIRST CANTO.

THE rough Designs in gentle Bosoms cloak'd,
And hardy Deeds of GENTLEMEN provok'd,

Rehearse, O! Sister of the tuneful Train,

Who fir'd e'er while great *Maro's* Epic strain;

Rehearse the Scene of these unnumber'd Woes,

And direful Cause, why impious Players rose,

To cope with Gentlemen at more than gentle Blows.

Within the limits of *Eblana* Fair,
 The Seat of Wisdom and the Muses Care;
 Whose wholesome Lanes no human Filths disgrace,
 The fam'd *Smock-Alley* shews her ancient Face,
 Within whose soft Retreats a Structure stands,
 Where *Typhon*, Monarch of the Stage, commands
 A Race, who Proteus-like, all Shapes assume,
 The Parsons Cassock or the Heroes Plume,
 The gallant Gentleman's imperial Pride,
 Or Fair ones Hoop, ten spacious Perches wide;
 While on th'embazon'd Stage in borrow'd Shape,
 The real Vices of Mankind they ape;
 And oft before the Conscious Audience, change
 Their vari'd Shapes, and look like Mirrours strange,
 Wherein full oft, the darling Sins are shewn,
 Which all possess but few desire to own:
 To curb this Insolence, a num'rous Band
 Of Heroes, great in Arms, collected stand,
 Th'accomplish'd GENTLEMEN, whose Virtues chime
 With that great Name, from immemorial time:

Conscious of Worth, they scorn the foul Disgrace,
 To hear Instruction from that menial Race ;
 Their Deeds I sing, of everlasting Fame, 30
 T' assert their Rights and vindicate their Name.
 Long did those wondrous Earth-born Monsters hold
 Their mimic Pastimes, safe and uncontroul'd ;
 Long with Success and lab'ring Art engage
 Th' attentive Audience, from th' exalted Stage ; 35
 Long did each gentle Breast with Envy bleed,
 To see Usurpers of their Name succeed :
 When young *Ergast*, with early Honours crown'd,
 Within whose Veins no menial Blood was found,
 Well skill'd the Plan for Midnight routs to form, 40
 Or on the Couch the Virgin Fort to storm ;
 A GENTLEMAN, the foremost of his Name,
 Whose Bosom long conceal'd the gen'rous Flame,
 Resolv'd, no more the hated Sight to brook,
 Thus, to a Brother COUNT, indignant spoke. 45
 Say, while with Pride each miscre'nt Rascal bears
 Our ancient Honours, and assumes our Airs ;

With

With borrow'd Glory struts the Streets and Lanes,
 And from the World our Appellation gains;
 Like one of us, with Foppish Grandeur swears,
 And at his Heels our long Toledo wears;
 Say while this passes, feelst thou not a Pain,
 From *Pagan* Hands our *Christian* Rights to gain.
 What Tongue can sing, the joyous Youth reply'd,
 The vast encomiums due thy gen'rous Pride!
 That secret Flame has long consum'd my Breast,
 That strugling Secret long disturb'd my rest;
 What then remains? To seek a Place and Time,
 For Vengeance equal to th' enormous Crime.
 So said, with hasty Steps they seek the Street,
 Where oft the well-bred Bands in Council meet,
 Intent on dire Revenge; and as they go,
 From joint Supine, the well-known Whistle blow:
 That pleasing Sound, so often known to invite,
 Nocturnal rambles each returning Night:
 Such was the Trump, nor less th' important call,
 Which rous'd the Heroes oft from *Trojan* Wall;

Nor less the Numbers which from *Troy* repair'd,
 Than those who now the wind-swoln music heard;
 And with responsive notes return the sound; 70
 And deal the vocal musick all around;
 And heroe like, to king and colours true,
 With eager steps the wanted paths pursue;
 Thick as the *Gothic* swarms in days of yore,
 Or stranded weeds upon the rising shore. 75
 O! could the muse their various names rehearse,
 Or sing their worth in never dying verse;
 Here great *Euryalus*, whose virtues rare
 Center'd in twenty thousand pounds a year;
 There gallant *Brontes*, fam'd for shining parts, 80
 Procaded robes to catch the virgins hearts:
 Here *Callus*, *Sampson* like, long known to play
 At sports of love, with huge gigantic sway:
 And there *Rinaldo* fierce, well skill'd to dart
 The missive steel to yielding watchman's heart: 85
 Here fam'd *Tancredi*, whose unerring brain
 Could best unshock'd the purple juice contain;

With

With thousands more besides of deathless fame,
 Who heard the sound and to the summons came.
 East by the east of far fam'd *Stephen's-Green*,
 High on a hill, a flaming tree is seen,
 Long fam'd for many a hardy heroes fall,
 Which *Britain's* god like sons the gallows call;
 Whose rising Arms project a pleasing Shade,
 Round which the Bands consenting circles made;
 With equal Pomp as when, in blest abodes,
 Dictate Jove convenes th' immortal Gods:
 When thus *Ergast* th' important bus'ness broke,
 And big with Indignation, rising spoke.
 Heroes and Patriots, oft in dangers tried!
 The Nations Glory and the Nations Pride!
 True Gentlemen, long known that name to hold
 From high flown Birth, and bright Patrician Gold;
 You see *Smock-Alley* rises still to Fame,
 And impious Players assume our sacred Name;
 And shall we tamely View our Honours torn,
 And on *Plebeian* Backs our Badges worn?

And unreveng'd behold those hated Sights,
 Nor crush th' Invaders of our antient Rights?
 While thus he speaks, each Heart for Vengeance glows, 110
 And all around consenting Murmurs rose.
 Th' august Assembly, leagu'd in mutual faith,
 With various signs express their gen'rous wrath:
 Some with their Hats eclipse th' affrighted Moon,
 For all this grand affair by night was done;
 Some rend with Thund'ring shouts the lab'ring air; 115
 While others thus provoke the impending War.
 Revenge! Revenge! let every arm unite,
 To seek revenge the next returning light,
 Soon as the Earth beholds the morning Sun 120
 Let ev'ry Heroe fir'd with Glory run,
 To strip the painted Daws of Feathers not their own
 With fierce demeanour thus *Rinaldo* Storms,
 Denounces Death and councils open Arms;
 When *Brontes* thus, a youth of gentler fame, 125
 Softer terms advanc'd a stronger scheme,
 Restrain, undaunted friends, your godlike rage;
 For let the sons of GENTLEMEN engage
 At equal force, the offspring of the stage.

My council is nocturnal schemes to lay,
 Nor tempt the doubtful fight in open day;
 When next with haughty steps they tread the stage,
 To mock the vices of our polish'd age,
 Let us select a strong detachment out,
 Long prov'd in bold debauch and midnight rout;
 And midst the vulgar throng possess unseen,
 Their doors without and strong redoubts within,
 And while intent on other sports, they dread
 No evil hap, the direful onset lead.
 But have we one, whose matchless prowess dare,
 With rude demeanour first provoke the war?
 A silent gloom on this demand ensu'd,
 While dumb and deaf the doubting heroes stood;
 Till great *Ergast*, whose godlike bosom burn'd
 With martial fire, those healing sounds return'd.
 O sons of happy fortune, GENTLEMEN!
 That glorious name begins to smile again,
 Methinks again we gain our ancient right,
 And pimps and players stand in native light;

In me behold ~~—~~ and here a solemn pause ~~—~~ 150

In me, th' avenger of the sacred cause!

Myself the man, whose well known courage dare,

First give th' affront and try the dang'rous war.

And you, intrepid heroes all around

Tis yours, when I begin to stand your ground ; 155

Tis yours to stir at that commedious pinch,

Pursue my stroke, nor from my elbow flinch

The twenty thousandth part of half a british inch. }

At this the grateful heroes shout once more,

And rend th' astonish'd air with hideous roar ; 160

The tumult such, when thunder bolts are hurl'd,

And Joves artill'ry shocks the nether world :

The fierce *Rinaldo* vaunts and grins and strides,

While large *Tancredi* shakes his larded sides ;

Will tir'd with noise and cold nocturnal air, 164

To various sports the various bands repair.

Here sons of *Mars* inur'd to wars and camps,

With matchless force demolish pendant lamps ;

Some crack the doors with loud tremendous thumps,

Some leave their marks behind in smoaking lumps ; 170

Some

Some in the streets for nobler purpose stand,
 And with polite address the purse demand;
 While others bent on much sublimer game,
 Pursue the well known paths of bawdy fame
 To quaff the lees of wine and kiss the wholesome dame. (175)

SECOND CANTO.

NOW had the flaming minister of day,
 Sunk in the bosom of the western sea;
 While gloomy night with hasty steps came down,
 And veild in sable clouds the dusky town;
 That season when light hating thieves begin,
 To seek their prey and GENTLEMEN to sin;
 When lovers hearts with expectation throb,
 And whores explore the drunken heroes fob;
 When vapours rise, and noxious mildews fall,
 And puking stomachs foul the tavern wall,
 The watchful heroes then, to meet their foes,
 From soft diurnal slumbers bravely rose.

For still to those in such exalted sphere;
 Diurnal slumbers lead the nimble year:
 To them 'tis given to enjoy the live-long night,
 Nor see the blaze of day to dim their sight.
 Meanwhile far other thoughts and schemes engage
 The fervile offspring of *Smock-Alley* stage;
 Who void of fear, within their painted courts,
 With wonted care project dramatick sports,
 High on a hill their gothic structure rose,
 Tall as an *Alpine* mountain crown'd with snows,
 A lusty fabric whose stupendous height,
 O'er top'd the bounded reach of human sight,
 Three various gates three various quarters fac'd,
 With golden valves, and golden portals grac'd:
 This at the north, a spacious entrance gave,
 Where the smooth *Liffy* rolls her silent wave,
 And seeks with tardy steps her native main,
 Well stor'd with cats and dogs untimely slain.
 This to the east, beholds the eastern skies,
 That to the south, sees *Wicklow* mountains rise.

In four divisions, form'd by art within,
 The various quarters of the world are seen :
 And first the STAGE like *Africa's* desert land, 35
 Where gold abounds, and APES and MONKEYS stand :
 And next, like *Europe* fam'd for arts, the PIT
 Where artful pimps, and artful parsons sit :
 The BOXES then, *America* display,
 With naked charms, and painted feathers gay ; 40
 Where ev'ry fair one deck'd in paint appears,
 While gaudy Gewgaws gravitate their ears :
 And then the GALL'RY *Asia's* medium hits,
 Between the *Lybian* APES, and *Europe's* WITS :
 While over head, no less than GODS I throw, 45
 Survey the world, in every act below ;
 And pleas'd or vex'd, their smiles or vengeance deal,
 Their smiles a clap, their vengeance orange peel.
 Such was the structure, such *Smock-Alley* stage,
 The hapless object of our heroes rage : 50
 Who now, combin'd in secret council, form
 Their dreadful schemes to push th' impending storm,

And prove their arms, and exercise their bands ;
 But fate forbid, and still the play house stands ;
 And now approach'd the destin'd hour of play ; 35
 When flaming tapers strait renew the day ;
 The thronging audience crowd the various doors,
 Lords, ladys, shoe-boys, GENTLEMEN, and whores ;
 Dogs, horses, chairs, parsons, bullys, proctors,
 Old men and widows, quacks, madmen, doctors ; 60
 Pimps, statesmen, pocket pickers, poets, seals,
 Coaches and chariots, flams and chairmens poles ;
 All mix'd confusion, noise, tumults, curses,
 Swearing, breaking shins, and picking purses.
 Fast by the door a brawny Charon stands, 65
 Receives the passports, and conducts the bands ;
 Who now crowd in and seek their various seats,
 Thick as the gathering swarms of summer gnats ;
 Each glorious girl to best advantage shewn,
 With blazing flames begirt, glides sweetly on ; 70
 Anxious to sparkle foremost in the box,
 With heaving breast, but artificial locks ;

Each in her mind, in charms unrival'd reigns;
 And each, imaginary conquests gains;
 While on the shining stage, th' important beaux
 Display with like content, their tinsel'd cloaths;
 And, self exalted, such high raptures feel,
 As turky cocks beneath expanded tail,
 And proudly strutting, laugh and grin; and then
 Can grin, and laugh, and ~~laugh~~ laugh and grin again;
 And now a murmur rose of frequent claps,
 And hisses, whistlings, cat-calls, noise and raps,
 A rattling tumult spreads from end to end,
 And orange peels, like falling stars descend;
 Till strait the sons of Dryas touch the lyre,
 And with soft music, softer deeds inspire;
 The noise subsides, the beaux forbear to grin,
 The curtains rise, and strait the sports begin.
 And now the deep concerted scheme begins;
 From end to end conspiring whispers run;
 The great *Ergast*, oft travers'd o'er the ground;
 Oft cheer'd his bands, and spread th' infection round;

Amid

Amidst the heroes; and if fame be true,
 The fair, the spotless fair! imbib'd it too.
 O thoughtless sex! what madness fill'd your brain 95
 With savage schemes, that snowy breast to stain!
 Yet back'd with soft address, and oily tales,
 Thro' boxes, pit and stage the plot prevails,
 Mean while upon th' illumin'd stage is seen,
 An actress fair, of soft enticing mein, 100
 A tempting girl, improv'd by labring art,
 With ev'ry outward charm that wins the heart:
 Her young *Ergast* with wishful eyes surveys,
 Sweet as she moves along, or graceful plays,
 And as he views, a lustful flame drinks in, 105
 And longs between her snow white arms to sin.
 Till strait returning rage his soul possess,
 Which lust had then half banish'd from his breast;
 When both combin'd, inspire a glorious scheme,
 At once to give th' affront, and kiss the dame; 110
 To raise the players, and provoke their arms,
 Rising on the spot, her virgin charms.

Then from the PIT, instinct with lust and rage,
 He springs forth lightly, sheer upon the STAGE :
 Such is the leap, and such the dang'rous fall,
 When orchard robbers vault the orchard wall :
 Then turning round, beholds his heroes true
 With watchful care, his ev'ry action view :
 When burning now to raise the glorious war,
 With rough assault he seiz'd the trembling fair,
 This *Typhon* sees, with more than servile rage
Typhon, the monarch of th' affronted STAGE,
 And strait rebukes the gallant heroes fires,
 Sets free the trembling fair, and then retires.
 Now all the GENTLEMAN *Ergasto* feels,
 And oaths of vengeance all around him deals,
 Draws forth his blade, and with *Herculean* rage
 In quest of *Typhon*, traverses the STAGE :
 Mean while the heroes take the grand alarm,
 And on the stage from ev'ry quarter swarm :
 Down with the house ! united voices cry,
 While fatal Oranges like bullets fly ;

And now the dreadful shock of war begun,
 Swords brandish'd high, like threat'ning comets shone:
 Fierce as ten **BULL** Doos, stern rinaldo storms, 135
 Lifting aloft his death denouncing arms;
 And thro' doors, windows, scenes and curtains burst,
 As once *Hamilcar's* son thro' mountains forc'd;
 And striding foremost in the horrid ranks,
 Clove to the ground, two lusty **OAK-TREE** planks. 140
 Not far from him, the gallant *Brontes* gains
 Eternal fame, and hacks the falling scenes:
 While hardy *Callus* meets with like renown,
 Levels the lights, and tears the wainscot down!
 Now discord, tumults, horrid blows and rage, 145
 With dire destruction reign thro' all the stage;
 As when conflicting fleets disturb the seas,
 Or plund'ring **RATS** combine to marr the cheese!
 Unmatch'd in strength the brave *Ergasto* reigns,
 And, great in arms, unfading lawrels gain'd; 150

His matchless force, where'er the HERO fought,
To STOPS and SCONCES swift destruction brought.

Mean while the players shun th' unequal fight,

And all astonish'd, flee *Ergasto's* might.

And now *Tancredi* wheels his bands about,

155

Ascends the stairs, and seeks the females out ;

There deep retir'd, he finds the lovely dame,

Who first inspir'd the brave *Ergasto's* flame ;

Her, with contempt, the hardy warrior heeds,

Disdains her charms, and turns to nobler deeds ;

160

With martial fire a pendant self he view'd,

Whereon a formidable TEA POT stood ;

This from its place the undaunted hero heaves,

And disembogues therein his luke-warm waves,

While what the brimming pot refus'd to hold,

165

Along the boards in purling mazes roll'd.

E'en then *Ergasto*, tir'd with conquest, came

Across that way and spied the trembling dame ;

He

He spied; and darting to her fainting arms,
 Aim'd in a storm of love, t' enjoy her charms, 170
 When *Typhon* came, by Heaven directed there,
 To punish brutal force and save the fair.
 Turn ravisher he cry'd, and as he spoke,
 With lifted arm directs the avenging stroke;
 So when with Gods, contending mortals strove, 175
Briarios once oppos'd his arms to *Jove*.

And now th' enormous blow, portending death,
 Descending meets with fatal force, his Teeth;
 His hapless teeth, that fall by fifty's out,
 While gore bespangles all the floor about;
 This great *Ergasto*, half confounded feels,
 And scarce supports him on collected heels,
 65 But whirling like a planet round his axle reels.

And now the heroes, half dismay'd with fear,
 Their wounded leader on their shoulders bear; 185
 Descend the stairs with hasty steps, and sound;
 Retreating whistles, all the stage around;

He

When

When tir'd with blows, and sated with revenge,
 The joyful bands, the welcome notes exchange,
 And pressing forward thro' the southern gate,
 O'er tatter'd scenes, in multitudes retreat.

F I N I S.
